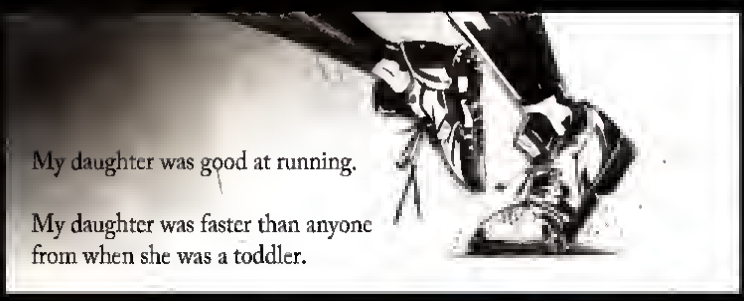
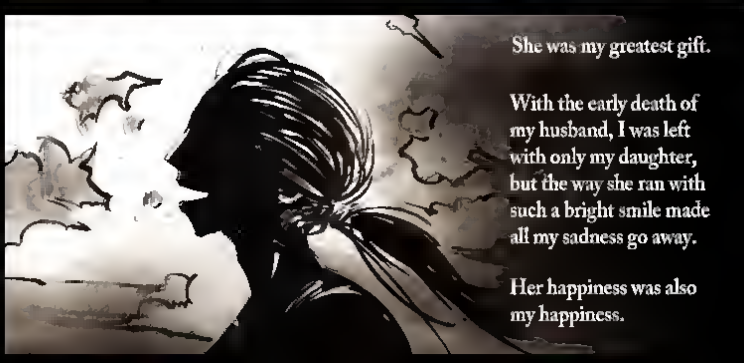
Warning:

May contain graphic material.
For mature audiences only - viewer discretion advised.




She was my greatest gift.
With the early death of my husband, I was left with only my daughter, but the way she ran with such a bright smile made all my sadness go away.
Her happiness was also my happiness.

I believed that our unfortunate past happened for the sake of our current happiness.
No, all thoughts aside, my daughter was my life.

My small angel.

Without a moment of struggle, she was an angel who brought me joy.

The most precious thing in my life.
I wouldn't trade her for anything in the world.

As time passed, my daughter matured. She was well-known everywhere as a gifted athlete. Many people supported her as she won numerous tournaments.

She was extremely happy.
However, as she grew up,

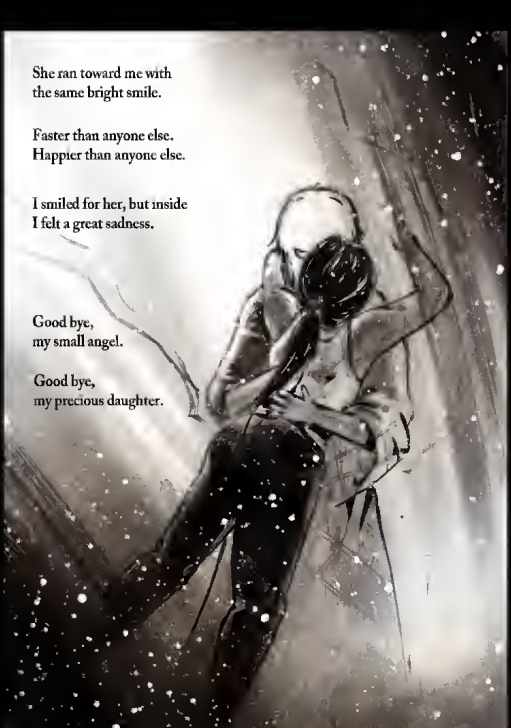
I felt her becoming more distant from me.

I was disappointed,

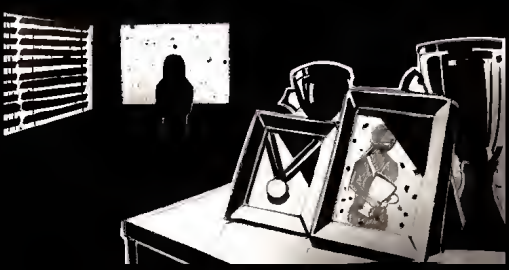
but I felt I should let her go for her happiness.

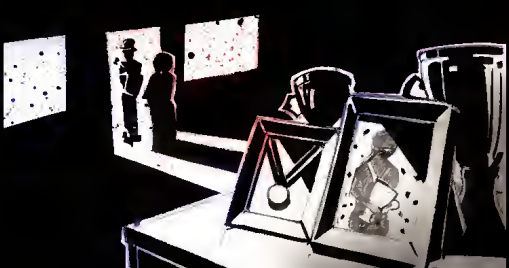
This was the last
competition that
I would go with her.

After it, my daughter would
have to leave my side
and head toward a
bigger stage.

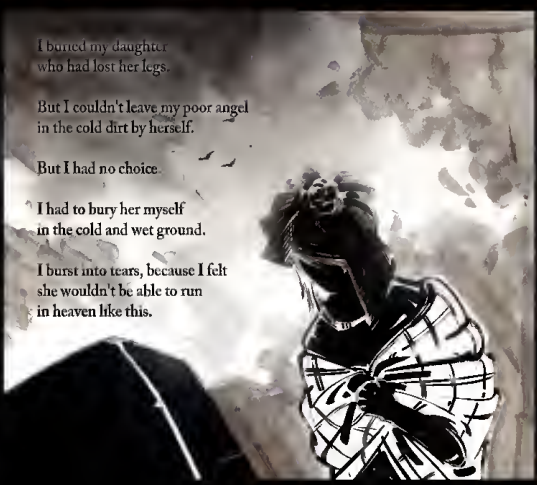

She ran toward me with
the same bright smile.
Faster than anyone else.
Happier than anyone else.
I smiled for her, but inside
I felt a great sadness.
Good bye,
my small angel.
Good bye,
my precious daughter.

One year later





My heart
dropped.


I buried my daughter
who had lost her legs.
But I couldn't leave my poor angel
in the cold dirt by herself.
But I had no choice.
I had to bury her myself
in the cold and wet ground.
I burst into tears, because I felt
she wouldn't be able to run
in heaven like this.

If I kept h
If I protected her mor

I'm sorry. Your mom is so sorry.

I found something
I must do.

To be continued...

tapastic

tapastic.com
www.facebook.com/mrnohman

Mr. Nohman